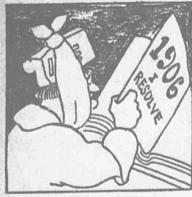




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The Day of New Leaves.



What became of the virtuous resolutions of Jan. 1 last? Where are the new leaves of yester-year?

To the man with a sensitive conscience and a fair memory the recurrence of the anniversary of good intentions is wont to bring some compunctions.

Perhaps as profitable a resolution as the average citizen can make is to be economical of his time. Industry is the best corrector of bad habits. A year's odds and ends of time care-

fully saved can be made highly useful. In them is enough leisure ordinarily thrown away to learn a new language; to become familiar with the elements of some profession; to acquaint yourself with the duties of the man just ahead of you in the office; to acquire a specialty in sport or art or music or mechanics; to cultivate a fad; to write a book.

Enlist in a military company or in a crusade against noise and dirty streets. Join a college settlement or a civic organization for the reform of every abuse in sight. The town is full of opportunities to put spare time to profitable use.

Get busy; that is the main thing. New Year's resolutions may then be left to take care of themselves.

Railroad Speed in 1905.

The new fast mail service to the West established yesterday clips twelve hours off the running time from New York to the Pacific coast. The new schedule virtually saves a business day. Three and a half days from tidewater to tidewater is a remarkable feat in American railroading.

The year just past has been generally notable for such feats. It brought forth a twenty-four-hour train from Chicago to New Orleans, the "Cuban Special" of the Illinois Central. It furnished two regular eighteen-hour trains between New York and Chicago. It added to the number of five-hour trains between New York and Boston. Four-hour trains are feasible on this run; will 1906 bring them? The Harriman special, in spite of its failure to beat transcontinental records, was an important attempt at fast railroading.

The year was a record one for the purchase of new equipment. In the United States and Canada the vast sum of \$260,000,000 was spent for new cars and locomotives, exclusive of those constructed in railroad shops. The development of competing electric traction was a feature of the year's railroad progress. The new year will see the electrification of the suburban nervice of many of the steam roads having New York terminals.

Electrical Fire Hazards.

An electric car ablaze from defective insulation is not a novel sight. The year 1903 witnessed 241 fires of this nature in Manhattan and the Bronx. Nor is it a rare thing for buildings to break out in flames because of defective wiring. In the same year eighty-six fires had this origin,

Yet the occurrence of such fires in pairs is enough of a novelty to occasion comment. Almost at the very moment the Van Rensselaer home was burning, Flarlem was lighted up by the fire which consumed a Subway car on the viaduct across Manhattan Valley. On Saturday another burning Subway car gave additional proof of the seriousness of this peril.

Where does the blame lie? Must electrical science confess its Ilmitations in its inability to safeguard the travelling public, as well as citizens tions in its inability to safeguard the travelling public, as well as citizens they say he does not get enough to eat they say he does not get enough the entitle is say they say he does not get enough the entitle is say they say he does not get enough the entitle is say they say he does not get enough the entitle is say they say he does not get enough they say he does not get enough they say he does not g

"For Weal or Woe."

By J. Campbell Cory.



Letters from the People

United States? P. H. DUSCHUES.

and they have told every one they meet they say he does not get enough to eat city jammed with small, inconvenient, To the Editor of The Evening World:

my husband was hurt while at work less city; but there is one point that have to show me."

OLIVE STREETER. it was my fault. Now he is home and readers will enlighten me. I find your

The Much Relation-in-Law.

The Betto of The Evening World:

Nine years ago I married. From the first my relatives-in-law have made it unpleasant for me. A short time ago in the state of the part of

Our Censular Service.

Answers to Questions Nome Universally Observed.

To the Evening World:

Is there a national holiday in the would a stranger think? Can readers would a stranger think? Can readers is transported by the Evening World:

Is there a national holiday in the would a stranger think? Can readers is transported by the stranger think? Can readers is the reached. Rents in most of them advise me what to do?

K. L. advise me what to do?

K. L. advise me what to do?

K. L. and foreign city. No wonder we are behind-

> To the Editor of The Brending World: An article is bought for 83.

NEW YORK THRO' FUNNY GLASSES.

MALL towns have personally conducted New Years. On the evening before a watch service is held at the church, where people go at 8.30 and sit on a hard pew seat until midnight and sing hymns that are appropriate and gloomy, such as "Hark, from the Tomb," and listen while the minister calls attention to the large mortality record among the sinful during the past twelve months, and makes extensive predictions of an undertaking nature for the future. This is calculated to exhiberate the man who has just gone over the new 1906 patent medicine almanac, and who has discovered that most of the symptoms described therein are his. Then all those who expect to lead a better life raise the right hand, generally with the fingers crossed. At 12 P. M. the whistle of the planing-mill and the one on the round-house let loose and everybody goes home wadded to the tonsils with resolutions and good intentions. On or about Jan, 10 falling weather sets in, with sleet and backsliding, and Hades gets a fresh supply of paving material.

Medium-sized towns play the game a different way. All the first famis lies give functions, known as New Year's receptions, because it wouldn't sound nice to call them souse parties or pickling bees. Parties of gentlemen go from house to house sopping up liquid refreshment to beat the blotting pads. Eventually the tourist detects the Western Hemisphere in the act of trying to rise up and butt him in the face. So he calls for a cab, and



two cabs come, driven by twin brothers, and he gets into both of them and rides home with his feet out of all the windows. Thereafter for some hours the earth is void and without form. He wakes up next morning with a new taste in his mouth and is convinced that he must have swapped palates with a stranger

But little old New York has the dandlest idea of all. Persons who are satisfied with table d'hote wine and a leather findings sandwich three hundred and sixty-four and a fourth nights in the year are taken on the night before New Year's with a strong hankering for med-head duck and large. cold quarts. Hall bedroom dwellers will be content with nothing less than front tables in those restaurants where the waiters own their own dress suits. The water wagon finds itself entitled to damages on the ground of desertion. At 11 o'clock a person with unfreighted breath is as rare on Broadway as an Irish proprietor of a delicatessen store, and that's the rarest thing in the habitable globe. Along toward midnight 400,000 celebrants turn out, vainly trying to reconcile flat feet to a round and tossing world. and blow horns and smash hats and see the skyscrapers kissing each other across the street and watch each stationary mounted policeman resolving himself into a merry-go-round, heavily peopled and travelling at high speed.

The attack fortunately lasts only one night, leaving the patient pale, weak and full of reminiscent hiccoughs. There's nothing like a biccou for bringing up memories of New Year's night on Broadway, unless it is the depleted condition of the victim's wallet,

THE FUNNY PART. We are supposed to celebrate our holidays in a rational manner.

A Unique Collection.

NE of the greatest of living English jookeys has a most remarkable collection of tributes from admirers, unknown and otherwise. It contains, among other strange things, pawn tickets, write and summoness contributed by unsuccess. ful backers of his mounts, talismans of all kinds to bring him suck in his races, sermons and tracts for his spiritual welfare, recipes for all aliments from coughs to a tendency to corpulence, forms for insuring against accidents, offers of marriage accompanied by bundles of photographs of would-be wives, welches tickets and a pair of worn-out boots with the legend: "All that is sell of them after walking from York to London; backed all your mounts."

Travel on Ocean Floor.

NLIKE some round fishes, the flat species keep to the bottom of the sea and move along it, travelling great distances. Records have been obtained showing that plaice have travelled eighty-sight miles in twenty-eight days, as

WONDERFULLY SPIRITED AND INTERESTING. A LIVING ROMANCE OF WILD NATIVES AND WIDE DISTANCES By Roger Pocock A Tale of the Arizona Desert

opyright, 1905, by Little, Bown & Co.) red of the sunset. Then she listene STNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.
Lord Malshanon Days Holy Cross Manch
in Ariscons, living tosers with his wise and
his zon Jim. He wiss the gratitude of
Capt, McCalmont, leader of a motorious gang
of robbers and for years supports McCalmome's son, Curly. "Chalkeye" Davies (who
tells the story) is Balshannon's ex-foreman.
George Ryan has a lifelong feud against
Balshannon. By dint of years of piotting
he makes Balshannon a drunkard and lures
him into gamshling sway all his fortune.
Balshannon's wife dies. Ryan gets him inte
a saloon, and at the head of a gang of
toughs, blans to assassinate him. With
Byan is the latter's son, Michael, a New
York millionaire. Curly and Chalkeys, with
Jim's aid, resolve to resous Balshannon
and throws a glass of whiskey into his face.
A gundicht ensues. Balshannon and Ryan
sign Killed, as are several others. Chalkeys
shoets out the lights.

He then assists Curly and Jim to escape.
The Sheriff's posse pursues and captures
lie two.

They fight their way free and ride for the SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. The Sheriff's posse pursues and captures the two.

They fight their way free and ride for the Mexican border, the posse at their heels. To check their pursuers Jim sets the grass aftire. They cross the line into Mexico.

There they are arrested by the frontier guards and put in the calaboose.

Meanwhile an inquest is held, and Michael Evan suborns witnesses to swear fast Jim and Carly murdered the elder Ryan. Chalkege and some of his cowbors plan to rescue the two fugitives from the Mexican calaboose before they can be extradited.

McCalmont gives Chalkeye \$50,000 to hold in trust for Curly, telling him to take Curly and Jim away from Arizona.

Curly confesses that she is a girl, who has been brought up like a boy. She and Jim excape from the calaboose. Jim carrying the wounded girl.

They signal to McCalmont's gang for help.

McCalmont rescues them. Jim falls in thin dis They signal to accusations a serious help.

McCalmont rescues them. Jim falls in love with Curly. Warning comes that a sheriffs posse is about to attack.

They retreat, closely followed by the posse. One of McCalmont's men who loves Curly and is jealous of Jim rides back to the posse and offers to turn State's evidence. A fight ensues and he is killed by Chalkeys.

CHAPTER XXII. A Flying Hospital. APTAIN McCALMONT, away north

'Doc," he called out to the man with the led horse astern, "jest you hitch that Jim boy?" that sorrel of mine to the tail of this out if Buck stays at the skyline or shooting his laigs. Yo're getting betgoes buttin' straight back to the ter'n better every day."

of bed, and nestled against her father's that Jim. You want him, Curly?" side on the seat.

"You heard what I told to Buck?" 'Buck's gawn back to betray the out-

around her, shivering while she looked | "Does that mean I got to marry round." all round at the dusky hills, up to the him?"

to the thud of Doc's horse as he gal-

straight away to the ranch." hungering none for their company. D'you know the Jim Crow Mine?"

Doc repeated the orders. "Now," said the Captain, "ridel"

"I'm sorry, too," says McCalmont; "sooner or later he had to be a skunk, and behave as such."

him die just now, and he did love me "The trail is clearing ahead for you,

bad. What was it he wanted, dad?" on the trail, pulled up at a bend

You jest got ears like a lil' fox! And didn't I act plumb good and tame with

"I was good, that's a fact. You see,

get at Jim. D'you think it's this wound Wall, it cayn't be helped.' that tears my heart-is it 'cause I'm so

loped back to report. 'Cap,'' says the man, "Buck's gawn

"That's good!" McCalmont chuckled. "You see, Dock, I've sent Buck to lead that sheriff's posse to Holy Crawss. We've got to work to-night, and ain't "I guess that's the old shaft a mile

this side of Grave City?" "Correct. Now, you lope off to the boys we left in camp at Las Aguas. Tell Stanley he's second in command He's to round up his boys, herd 'em close, and drive 'em swift to the Jim Crow Mine. Now repeat my aw-

Doc started off on the dead run, and for a while Curly watched his figure flopping away into the blue mists of The night was falling fast. "Po' Buck," she whispered.

"He's daid," says Curly. "T beard

my girl." "I'm sort of tired," she answered,

"You'll rest to-night." "Father, when you was talking with Jim outside the shack I was awake; I heard all what was said, but couldn't understand. Jim wanted suthin' fearful "Wall, now, if that don't beat all

rig. That's right, my son; now find taking all that wartalk and never even the more."

I nacherally couldn't lose my temper the edge-I cayn't help that." When he was gone, Curly rucked up without disturbing you with my gunthe canvas ground-sheet, climbed out talk. Besides, I jest cayn't help loving "Oh, you're allus the same, like the "Sure. I don't know what's coming like the weather, so that I feel as if I "Havin' a bad time?" he asked, as over me the way I feels at that man. was just whirled up in the air." It seems as though my heart was pitchin' and buckin' like a mean hawss to old Nature and make you into a man-

sick?"



"That's the only cure." "But I don't want to be cured. I like "Which you shorely did. Fancy, you it, dad, and when it hurts I like it all

"A sure bad symptom that. You'll go with Jim?" "To the end of the world and over

"You don't love me any more?" climate-but he's come buttin' along "I was an idiot to think I could fool

"Daddy, I never was fit to ride with the gang, and I doubt I'll never be fit It's worse nor that, my girl. You've for a woman, either, now, I'm shorely

tired, and my hald goes round and all his nerves ajumping for fear there struck a match and saw the runn McColmont stopped the team and laid. He felt Curly's handages, and his hand had to light a lanters, no matter

A Voice Called Out of the Dark: "Throw Up Your Hands."

that he felt lonesome and scared, with drip, drip, drip, on the dust, then was something worse than usual wrong. blood, for her wound had opened. He more belated pligrims behind. The light had faded, the stars were beginning to ride herd on the Milky Way, and I felt a sort of dumb yearning to find McCalmont An hour later, scouting swift and cautious up the Grave City road, I saw a lantern bobbing high up among the hills. That must be a bait, I thought, to lure the marshal's posse into some robbers' deadfall, so I rode slow and sang my simple range songs to show it was only me, one harmless person.

A voice called out of the dark, "Throw up yo' hands!"

Up went my paws. "Hello, boys!" I shouted. "Is this the inquiry office? I wants my visitin cyand sent up to Cap, "from that last ber hunt when I was

he was having troubles most plentiful with all his warriors. He held us in the name of the Republic for special service in pursuit of robbars, but his tenderfoot outfit was badly in want of supper, and the cowboy people got plumb disgusted at having to ride, point, swing and drive on a herd of shorthorns. I'd shown my hand in this game by shooting Buck, the same being needful to save the old marshal's life, and f sure helped him all I knew in getting the posse on toward Holy Crawss. At the same time my private feelings called me off to quite a different layout, and I knew, all to myself, that fluck might have been mistaken a whole lot in his way of reakoning up McCalmont's plans. So I fell back to give a push to some structure, than I knew to some structure, then the same to me and I knew to the suspicious.

The name was new to me, and I fest suspicious.

"A mountain sheep," says McCalmont for robbers, but his seep, "says I chart rides herd on the wagon road between the Jan Crow Mine and Grave City. If you do you'll get killed for sure."

"Meaning that this curousing around in a wagon airly good for wounds?"

"Not when the inwapital ax to gallog for wounds?"

"Seems to me," says I. "that right have been mistaken a comforts more'n and haves loose and let them break for the light with it like with it like with it like we hand and you'll take them children to some safe country so that they gut mar-led and forever the layout, and I knew, all to myself, the other side of the Jim Crow kine. Their frome is just this life. We planned all that before the special to some structure, than fell back again to see if there was any though, they'd be mished as a party which is lades. The graph and and went to have a push to some structure, than the way and the suspicious.

The name was new to me, and I fet way out on the wagon road the way of the suspicious. "Meaning that this corrousing around in a wagon road the suspicious."

"I defined as a party which it god for wounds?"

"Loos it some called in the straight acrost the open

Up went my paws. "Hello, boys!" I respectable."
wants my visitin' cyard sent up to Cap
McCalmont."

"It's all tawn to rags," said Custy,
"from that last b'er hunt when I was
treed by a gright. And the wise

wants my visitin' cyand sent up to Cap
McCalmont."
Somebody laughed, and then I heard
Jim's voice. "Why, it's Chalkeye!"
"Well, if he don't want to be shot he'd
better turn right back."
"Jest you tell yo' holdups, Jim," says
I, "that them leaden go-through pills
don't suit my delicate health." I dropped
my hands, and the first robber asked
Jim said he would.
"Take this man through," mald the
robber, and Jim led me, mighty pleased,
to where the lantern shone.
"Captain," says he, "here's old Chalksye!"
McCalmont jumped down from the
buckboard, holding out his lantern.
"Wall," says he, "I'm glad to see ye,
Misteh Davies, I certainly am—shake
hearty. Whar you from?"
"Is Curly with you?"
"Is Curly with you?"
"Here's me," came a faint chirp out
of the bedding.
"Her wound?" I howied.
"Wall, that cat is shorely spilled."
"That atties there hant the wig got
stuck full of pine gum."
"These details of female dress and depawtment"—McCahnont was getting
"trivocous. The question is, Do these
yere ladies run much to tongue?"
"Wall, no; the fashionable society of
Grave City has struck them reticent.
Miss Blossom says she'd rather mix up
with bears, and Miss Pansy she allows
our crowd lacks tone. No, these ladies
our crowd lacks tone, No, these ladies
our crowd lacks tone, No, these ladies
our crowd lacks tone, No, these ladies
it deent, my boy, for you to behold what's going to happen in the
way of costume. So you jest tell Curly
good-by, and we'll proceed with disguisin' her as a woman.
"When shall I see Curly again?" asks
I'm in a fright.
"At such time when he's fit to rids.
Now tell yo' good-by."